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The Manifesto.

THE ONLY PERIODICAL PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

VOL. XXIV.

JUNE, 1894.

No. 6.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

HISTORY OF SOUTH UNION, KY.

No. 8.

JAN. 1, 1862. Three long trains of cars passed over the road, with companies of Infantry, on their way to Bowling Green. This sight was of common occurrence. The cars were sometimes so heavily laden that many of the soldiers were obliged to get out till the train could pass a steep up grade. During this exhibition the crowd would become so excited that the air was filled with their cheers and wild screams.

This evening twenty-one Cavalry called to stop over night. They all received supper, shelter and breakfast.

Jan. 2. Five armed men called at the Trustees' Office. Three were in a buggy and two on horseback. They said they wanted to buy some cloth, and a roll of twenty-four yards was brought forward. This they seized and hurriedly made off, saying; "as we have to fight your battles, we must have some clothing." From the mark on their hats we supposed they were Texas Rangers. Whether or not they were soldiers, we could not tell; but we did know that they were robbers.

Jan. 3. Four soldiers called for dinner and were accommodated. For this attention they expressed many thanks.

Jan. 8. We note this as a remarkable instance. Forty Cavalry passed through our village and made no demands. In the evening two Cavalry men called for supper, lodging and breakfast. As this burden was so light it gave us but little anxiety.

Jan. 9. This evening forty Cavalry called for supper, lodging and breakfast. We treated them as kindly as we could and on leaving they manifested a very pleasant spirit,

Jan. 10. Five soldiers were provided with a dinner at the Trustees' Office.

Jan. 12. Sixty army wagons passed through our village. A guard of two or three soldiers accompanied each wagon. Only five horses were to be seen while it required two hundred and thirty-eight mules to haul these heavy loads.

Jan. 14. This morning five armed men called at the Trustees' Office and asked to see some cloth, or handkerchiefs or anything we had for sale. From our former experience we had grown to be careful and did not present much for them to buy nor to take by force of arms. The Brethren kept a close watch and followed them as they went toward the Sisters' new brick shop. We informed them that we could not allow armed men to enter the Sisters' rooms. We then persuaded them to go and see the cistern and then invited them to take dinner at the Post Office.

In this building they saw a free man, of color, who was quite feeble. They seemed quite anxious to know to whom he belonged, and where his master was at this time.

They made enquiry of Elder Solomon Rankin about the number of persons that lived in the large dwelling.

Elder Solomon informed them that not less than ninety Brethren and Sisters lived in that house.

At this reply they seemed much surprised, and remarked, "If so many of you live in one house you would fight and kill each other."

Elder Solomon told them that the good man, Jesus the Christ, had taught us not to fight nor kill.

One of the company remarked, "We do not know him; he does not live in Texas."

In the course of the conversation Elder Solomon spoke of the case of Ananias and Sapphira.

"Yes, we are well acquainted with them; they lived on the right side of the style."

Another said, "If you do not swear, nor fight, nor kill, nor drink whiskey, we do not see what you can do."

Elder Solomon replied, We work for our living, that we may have something to eat and to wear and to give to the poor.

But said they;—"What do you do on Sundays?"

We improve our time in reading and writing and in attending Religious service.

"Well," said they, "this must be a heaven of a place, and you are certainly a very good people."

At 9 o'clock p. m. we were disturbed by the noise and tramp of Cavalry horses in the street, in front of our buildings. The Brethren on making enquiries, learned that they wanted supper for two hundred and twenty-five

men. As it was so late we urged them to go to the hotel about a mile distant. At this they threatened to break into our buildings and help themselves if we would not provide for them. As we did not wish to awaken too much of their anger, we concluded to do the best we could and informed the Colonel that it would be two hours, before they could have the food. An officer by the name of Keep then said that his men must have some rest.

The Brethren conducted the soldiers to the West family, which had been vacated for some months, and then provided hay for the horses. The men were ordered to rest till three o'clock in the morning, when they would be called to breakfast, instead of being called to supper. The Brethren who acted as night watch, said the soldiers were cold and hungry, but were obliged to lie down on the floor or on the ground, and many of them were soon fast asleep.

A part of this company under Col. Scott went on to Yost's tavern and remained there over night.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y. May, 1894.

DEAR ELDERESS ROSETTA:—Human existence is a strange anomaly, so full of contradictions and paradoxes. We are indeed complex beings, not only in our own individuality, but as a part of the great cosmos. We embark on life's sea, all unconscious of the dangers that lie around us, yet there is an invisible hand that guides and directs, and each day as the surges beat around us, we feel safe in the line of our life-work.

How fully the present claims our attention; truly we strive in vain to pierce the misty future, which is wisely veiled from our sight, lest we become oblivious to, and neglectful of the duties and obligations that claim our ever active service. We have not much time to dream or philosophize, but in dealing with matter of fact realities, we have great need of sublime patience and heroic fortitude, lest we become weak and vacillating. The firm soul doubts not, the true soul wavers not, and the upright in heart despair not.

The hidden forces that continually urge us to grander, nobler striving, make continuous existence possible. It is pulsating life that holds us to the centre of being, and unites us to the great Over-soul from whence we came, and whither we are tending, through evolutionary processes of development. Life is action and motion, the still pool grows stagnant. The sapless branches die; so with individuals and bodies of people, if they cease to move or grow, they cease to exist, for the want of accretive and concretionary force.

As a people should we not be quickened anew, and awake to a realization of the great truths committed to us, feeling a yearning desire that others

may share of the power of salvation found under the ministration and baptism of the Christ spirit? When we look abroad in the world and see the chaotic conditions there existing, and know of the misery, vice and crime, that keep human beings on the lower plane of animal existence, we feel an impulse, and a strong desire, that as we have been lifted up we want to draw all mankind to us. Though all are not prepared to receive the truths of the higher life yet every good thought and desire is helpful, and above all, the loving service of unselfish devotion, sustains the home, where all who seek, shall find the bread and water that faileth not.

These are strange times, destitution and suffering on every hand, the great rush of emigration to our shores especially to the large centres of civilization, helps to increase the present misery. It may be of interest to you to know that we have made up a contribution, and sent to the head quarters of the Salvation Army in New York; it consisted of three barrels (tightly packed) of clothing, one bale of bedding, two barrels of assorted beans, one of dried apples, and twenty-five sacks of potatoes. By applying to the railroad companies, they were taken free.

One of the officers of the Army, who has charge of distribution, expressed much gratitude, and said they had great need of every thing in the line of food and clothing, to keep the needy poor from freezing and starving. All charity organizations were taxed to their utmost. In looking over an old record dating back to the establishment of the Church, we find that Believers held strictly to the injunction of Mother Ann and the first Elders to live temperately and practice economy, that they might have something to give to the poor. We found it recorded, that in several instances, when there were great calamities, they responded liberally to the call for help. I copied the following:

"Wed. July 16. In consequence of the late distress of the poor inhabitants of New York City occasioned by yellow fever, the Churches and Societies of New Lebanon and Hancock made a collection of money to the amount of two hundred and thirty-six dollars, and various kinds of provisions for their relief, which were transported to the city of Hudson in twenty-three wagons to go by water to New York, with a letter addressed to the Mayor and corporation by the Trustees of the Society; a copy of this letter and the Mayor's answer is preserved."

Our good Brother Benjamin sent a box of clothing to another quarter of the city, and I have no doubt, but other families and Societies would have increased the contribution if there had been a general appeal. I presume our friends of Enfield have many callers, especially at the Office, "The sons of rest," as the tramps are politely called, make their way to Shaker Villages where their neighbors usually send them, or they come a long distance over the mountain. A Sister once said that every one was hungry as soon as they stepped on Shaker ground. If people felt their spiritual needs as keenly as they realize their physical necessities how gladly would we give of the bread

that perisheth not, and provide for them a home, where true equality reigns, and unselfish love renders mutual service.

We have several Sisters who have not been in the family a year. Brethren are greatly in need of help and we hope to see their ranks filled before long, some men are writing and many are "almost persuaded," but fear they will have to practice just a little too much self-denial if they come in our Order. We hear that you have been gathering some in your family from the South family, you must have had a busy time moving. In sending our love at this time, we remember Eldress Melinda, Elder William and others who have made the change. It is some time since we have had a precious missive from Beloved Elder Abraham who has favored us with so many beautiful letters and songs, in the years that have passed. I have only room to say love to every inmate of your home.

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

WELCOME TO JUNE.

By Lucy S. Bowers.

BEAUTIFUL and happy June time!

Wondrous days of cheer!

With your brightness and your sweetness,

With your fullness and completeness

You are welcome here!

Welcome! every opening blossom,

Silver, gold and blue,

Matchless pearl and rosy dresses,

And the fragrance each possesses,

Glad we are for you.

From beyond the sapphire arches

Come the sun's warm rays,

And cold winter's crystal masses

Metamorphosed into grasses

Make these lovely days.

And the merry birds of summer

On their fluttering wings,

From the early morning blushes

Till the gentle evening hushes,

Each a glad song sings.

And the soft caressing zephyrs—

Whence and whither they?

Laden without weight or measure

THE MANIFESTO.

With the best of floral treasure
Gathered on their way.

Oh, I hear the distant ripple
Of the meadow rill,
Where the lamb its mother follows
Over hills and into hollows
Where the world is still.

See the clouds of silver whiteness;
Watch the sun go down,
View the silent midnight glories,
Theme of new and olden stories,
Earth's unfading crown.

All these things fair June has brought us,
Scattering far and near;
Then farewell hyemal brightness,
Diamond glitter, snowy whiteness
And your merry cheer.

Every living, passing beauty
Speaks so well to me,
Tells me of our God in heaven
By whose hand all gifts are given
So abundantly.

He who guides the passing seasons
Loveth human souls,
And his mercy He is sending,
Light and peace and joy unending,
And each life controls.

Then let every grateful spirit
Render ceaseless praise,
For the bliss of life that fills them,
For the power of good that thrills them
Through these glad days.
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

A TRUE LIFE.

By Annie R. Stephens.

HOW many earthly lives does each day and hour bring to a terminus, but how few are true; how few, comparatively, live to their highest ideal of right, and how many are governed by their lower, selfish desires. We find ourselves placed in this world, with strong impulses and propensities,

the enjoyment of which may produce momentary pleasure, "but the end thereof is death." How natural it is, especially with those of inexperienced years, to follow the guidance of these impulses, and consequently reap the bitter fruits of self-indulgence, the effects of violated law, and instead of a life filled with promise and nobility of purpose, make of it disappointment and sorrow.

Some time since, I was standing on a street corner in one of our large cities, waiting for a car; while there, a number of children of the lower strata of society gathered around; such an accumulation of rags and dirt I never before witnessed. As I looked into their young faces, and saw depicted, even at their tender years, the marks of that triune monster—poverty, sin, and suffering,—I realized with deep anguish their deplorable condition; their homes, instead of being homes in the protecting and endearing sense of the word, are hovels of drunkenness and vice; associated with like companions, they become acquainted with every conceivable form of crime; their feet, thus placed on the steepest declivity to sin, how can they, under such conditions, unfold the higher powers of soul and glorify God by living a true life. With this sad picture before me I could but pity, where otherwise I would condemn; I could not throw the first stone of reproach, no matter how high I may estimate virtue; if placed in like circumstances, the results might be similar.

Never, in the history of mankind that we have any record of, was there a time when so many souls have devoted their powers of mind to philanthropic movements for the uplifting of the unfortunate. Society is greatly to blame for the many wrong conditions that exist; when justice is done, and all have their God-given rights bequeathed to them, much of the sin and suffering will be averted.

Humanity is composed of many incongruities; owing to our preconceived opinions on religious subjects, the diversity of education, and the various circumstances of life that form our characters more or less, it would seem difficult to prescribe the limits for a true life; and yet, when we look at it from a practical standpoint, it is easy of solution. Goodness of heart is not produced by beliefs nor opinions; it is a growth through obedience to principles that are eternal. We find within ourselves diverse natures; the voice of one cries, "live for pleasure and the enjoyments of this life;" the other says, "deny thyself, thou wert made for higher purposes than the beasts that perish; thou wert made to subdue the earth in thine own soul, to conquer and bring into subjection to the law of Christ—by the stronger God-given faculties of the mind—all the elements that are of the earth, and to reign triumphant over all the appetites and passions of the body; thus develop that angelic life that is eternal."

The grand work of redemption lumes up to our minds like an ideal vision; it comes to our souls as an inspiration from that radiant throng who stand

transcendent in victory; but, unless each one strives for that redemption we can not realize its blessedness. "It is well to *think* well, it is divine to *act* well;" it is not aspiration and noble thinking alone, that constitutes a true life, but noble action and right doing; they that do the most good, who embody in their daily lives the precept of Jesus,—“Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you,” who are pure and true and honest in all the relations of life; these are they who make of life a success; they connect themselves with all good, and are thus brought near to God where they can feel the warmth of his beneficent sunshine in their hearts, illuminating the darkest way and lifting the heaviest burden.

It is in the power of us all to attain to this altitude of goodness. It does not require extraordinary talent nor genius. It is not for the recluse nor the religious devotee who counts his rosary, or repeats the most prayers. No matter what our belief, we may pray with our faces to the rising or setting sun, or towards Mecca, if our faith so directs. These things count for but little, compared with that practical life of righteousness we are all called to live. If we love God, and through our love to Him are striving to make the world brighter and better by improving our own lives and doing all the good we can for others, then we shall feel that we have not lived in vain.

Life comes to all with its burdens and crosses; its temptations to be resisted. By bearing whatever it has for us cheerfully, bravely and nobly, we make of it a triumphant success; this, God requires of us, and our own conscious integrity demands it.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

[THE following very remarkable lines will be read with much interest. Written in 1880 by one of a small company living in the city of New York, who are striving to live the “Celestial life;” the pure, virgin celibate life of Christ, and fully endorse the communistic principle of the Pentecostal Church.]

WATCHMAN WHAT OF THE NIGHT.

THE outgoing and incoming epoch.

Watchman, what of the night?

The watchman said, the morning cometh, and also the night.—Isaiah xxi., 11–12.

Question.

Watchman, upon the bastion height
Of Salem's bulwarks, what of the night?
Can you see upon the horizon far
What the signs and the indications are?
Is there aught amid the gloom profound
That attracts your attention, sight or sound?

Answer.

Traveler up the mountain height,
Threading your way through the gloom of night,

I know your intense anxiety,
 And will answer calmly and truthfully.
 I see on the dusky brow of night
 Fitful flashes of lurid light,
 Shedding a baleful glare on the sky
 As of a coming catastrophe.
 And faintly, but distinctly, I hear
 Sounds in the murky atmosphere.
 Sounds as of angry bees in a swarm;
 Or the war in the woods of a coming storm.

Question.

Watcher, on Salem's bulwarks high,
 What do these symbols signify?

Answer.

The strife of peoples, and nations, and kings,
 In the struggle for earth's material things.
 Vengeance! for long pent-up arrears
 Of human suffering, sighs and tears;
 Of social injustice, oppression and wrong;
 Of the weak deprived of right by the strong;
 Of people made desperate with want,
 And solemn hypocrisy, folly and cant.
 The bitter, fierce, destructive cry
 Of the gathering hosts of anarchy.
 The salaried minions of the law,
 Hired to hold the mobs in awe.
 The laborers restless discontent;
 And the coming of that final event
 When the people shall rise and in their wrath
 Shall sweep their oppressors from their path:
 And thrones and kingdoms shall pass away
 In that awful, social judgment day.

Question.

Guardian sentinel, what shall be
 The signs of this terrible prophecy?

Answer.

A general moral delinquency
 In the structure and state of society.
 Scepticism and unbelief
 Shall bring religious systems to grief.
 The agnostic and the iconoclast,
 Shall sweep away the faith of the past.
 Fanaticism of various kinds,
 Shall take possession of morbid minds.
 A general rottenness permeate
 The character of the church and state.

The judge and the culprit at the bar,
 Shall stand on the same social par.
 The clergyman, smiling, smooth and bland,
 With iniquity shall go hand in hand.
 The legislation of the day,
 Shall be for partisan plunder and pay.
 Doubt, distrust and suspicion be
 The sentiment of society.
 Defalcation and robbery
 Shall be the order of the day.
 None shall dare his friend to trust,
 None believe the other just.
 All confidence in human kind
 Shall be abolished from the mind.
 The secret wickedness of the times,
 Shall come to the surface in horrible crimes;
 Adultery, murder and suicide,
 By every hearth-stone shall abide.
 The rich shall grow more mean and hard,
 The poor from comfort be debarred.
 The reckless classes, (a dreadful brood,)
 Be ready and rife for the reign of blood;
 Revenge and hate shall fan the fire
 Of brutal passion and beastly desire.
 A feeling of insecurity
 Shall permeate society.
 An apprehension of coming change,
 Undefined, uncertain, strange;
 Presentiment of the final collapse
 Of the nation; and something worse, perhaps,
 Shall fill the mind with general gloom,
 And hang over all like the pall of the tomb.
 These are some of the social signs
 That shall mark the age as it declines
 Toward its final end, and close
 In dissolution's dissolving throes.

Question.

Watcher, whose vision sweeps the sky,
 Can you tell the time of this prophecy?

Answer.

That no being has power to tell,
 Save the One who is Infallible.
 With *that* you have nothing whatever to do.
 The mission and work that is given to you,

Is to find the people of God, and prepare
 A place of refuge and safety, where
 Their weary, wandering feet may go,
 In these terrible days of darkness and woe.
 That they may know in whom to trust;
 May know who are the righteous and just.
 May know where they may surely find
 Spirits of similar heart and mind.
 And there the Covenant bond renew,
 With sainted souls elect and true.
 And where within their blest retreat
 They in fraternal love may meet;
 Secure from prowling beasts of prey,
 Whose object is the sheep to slay.
 Ask no further questions of me,
 But do your duty faithfully.
 Behold the approach of dawning light!
 The morning cometh, and also the night!

Celestus.

[Contributed by J. J. Katme.]

IN SILENCE AND ALONE.

By Catharine S. Holmes.

If thou wouldst draw near to God
 And wouldst hear him inly speak,
 Far from tumult and from crowd,
 All alone his presence seek.
 Let thine incense burn apart
 Till he heed its sweet perfume;
 For the silent, reverent heart
 Is the Master's audience room.
 When the air is filled with song,
 Thou wilt sing, nor question why,
 Though the tide which rolls along
 Leave thy parched spirit dry.
 Words which entered at thine ear
 From thy careless tongue have flown,
 Ere thou couldst the witness hear
 That their comfort was thine own.
 With the still, small voice he came,
 Not in earthquake, wind, or fire.
 When thou callest on his name,
 Purely, mightily aspire.
 Lift thy hands his clasp to meet,
 Still thine earthly nature's strife,
 Till celestial accents sweet
 Speak to thee the words of life.

DOING GOOD.

THE heralding of good news is, above all other things, the first duty of the Christian. Like the Apostle, he is not to "confer with flesh nor blood." Duty to God and to man is the divine watchword which makes all of life one beautiful song of praise. It is "not in this mountain, neither at Jerusalem." Where God is, there is life and salvation, in some of its phases, and so long as wrong exists in the family of man, so long will earnest souls and willing hearts find enough to do.

Religion does not consist in the singing of psalms, nor in the reading of the Old Testament but it does include the whole of man :—All that he may think, say or do. It originates in his nature and circumstances, and is as early in its manifestation, as constant in its character, as universal in its influence, as are sentiment or principle of action marking the history of man.

No better illustration can be given of this, than a reference to the life of Jesus. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The selfish interest in this case is lost from sight, and man becomes interested in the peace and prosperity of his brother man.

Every class of reformers, even though their work is but a slight advance beyond the mass of mankind, find it difficult to obtain those who will work in the interest of their special cause. It is sometimes astonishing to see how slowly the world moves in a moral reform, even in the ranks of the reformers, themselves, while they are making a loud noise against those whom they consider on the wrong track.

A man's habits, and they may be either good or bad, seem to become in many cases as a part of himself, and to break from the bad, even when admonished by a higher light, is like tearing the flesh from his body. Indeed, these bad habits sometimes become so strong that the powers of the mind have not force enough to resist them.

The Methodist church a few years since had reached the conclusion that the chewing and smoking of tobacco was an unclean habit for a minister, and ventured to ask the ministry to lay it aside.

All classes of Christians, at an earlier date, had poisoned the air with the fumes of tobacco, and while they were urging the people to be saved from the wicked habits of the world, they were not able to take up their own crosses against this filthy habit and help to save themselves. Now a methodist minister comes forward with his pipe and tobacco box and

wants the privilege of chewing his tobacco while he reads this word of God to his people ;—"Let him that is filthy, be filthy still."

Among the Rules of propriety for our Community, we have published the following :—"The chewing or smoking of tobacco should not be practiced by any Christian Believer."

Others are made to suffer in respect to health, through this expensive and unnecessary indulgence. The rebuke of the lady in the western wilds was to the point. The traveler drove up to a log house in a storm and asked for shelter. The lady objected for lack of accommodations, but the man persisted and brought the Bible to his aid, that possibly by doing good to a stranger she might be entertaining an angel unawares. This was a case where ignorance was bliss, as she said, "You can't make me believe that. No angel would come down here with a cud of tobacco in his mouth."

Every phase of a religious life suffers more or less in this same way. Christianity is an exalted term, and those who embrace it are expected to become resurrected from all that is not admissible in the kingdom of heaven. The Revelator says that nothing can enter the Holy City that defiles or makes a lie.

Temperance people are strong in their denunciations against the use of intoxicating drinks, while at the same time they are using a liberal supply of tobacco. A consistent Christian thinks that cleanliness comes very near to godliness, and yet many of the self-styled saints, keep company with the great unwashed.


While the race of mankind is on the upward march, and a wonderful progress has already been made in many ways, there is still more room for improvement. It is sad to know that even one individual is willing or is forced to fall into unclean or corrupting influences, and far worse when a family or a tribe is found to be below the beasts of the field.


When Col. Samuel Baker made his journey through Africa, and had men in his own company who might have made slight reforms in neatness without harm to themselves, he at that same time found tribes of the natives whose huts were ankle deep with filth.


If a score of persons from these families should enter any large church, the stench would be such that a general stampede would be made for fresh air, and the Bible be closed for that day. This however, is only one degree. The more cleanly wish to be excused, and yet in the face of these drawbacks the march is always upward toward God and toward the Holy City where nothing can enter that defiles.


Deny yourself daily, said Jesus, and take up your cross and follow

me. This is so simple and plain that it needs no special illustration. Nothing can ever do away with the discipline that is demanded. To follow Jesus on his march toward God, is a daily practice of self-denial, and it bears its own reward. It is like the water that was offered to the woman of Samaria. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

 We are informed by the Post Master at Harrisburg, O., that THE MANIFESTO sent to Loy Libbey, is not taken from the office. As the paper is not sent from this office, the money is thrown away.

 Please write the articles that are intended for publication on sheets of NOTE SIZE; 5x8 inches; Write with ink on one side of the paper, only, and much oblige the printers of THE MANIFESTO.

 Kerosene stoves should not be filled until thoroughly cooled.

 Names by which persons are designated should never be given to the brute creation. To call the name and attention of some friend, and then to call a dog by the same name is not very complimentary to the visitor.

MORN ON THE HILLS.

By Albert Hopkins.

It breaks, the morn; bright bannered on the hills,
Speeds west, with flaming chariots, the dawn.
He is arisen again, the sun of God;
He is arisen again, the Son of man.
Morn on the hills,—dawn of the rolling world
And dawn of Christ's white peace.

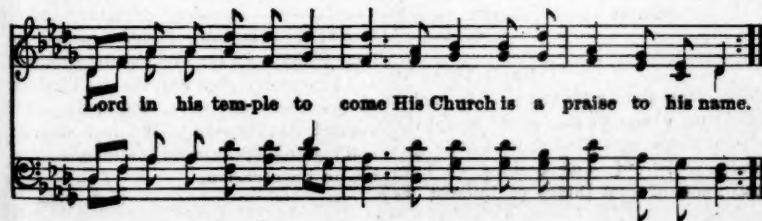
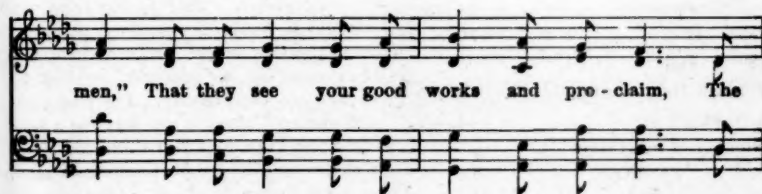
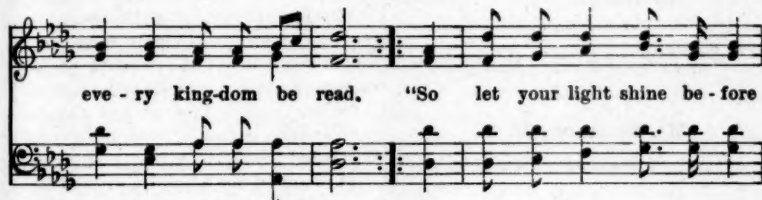
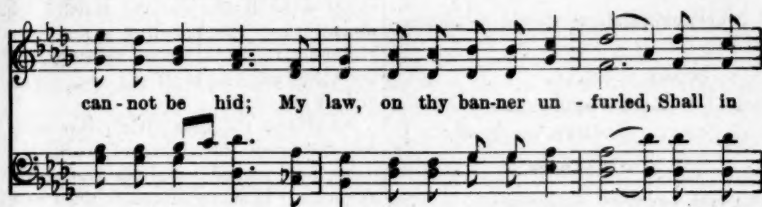
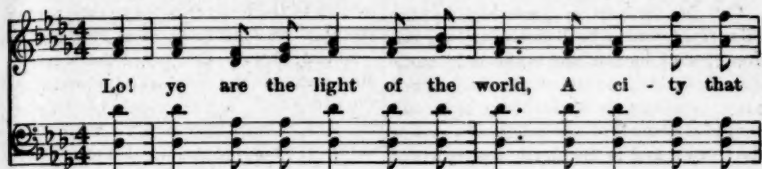
Break brightly fair,
And blossom full, glad day of "Peace on earth,
Good-will to men." His "cloud and glory" fill
The morning sky; his flower awakes in the
Bright blue, herald of Peace and Victory.
Sing to the dawn—the morn is on the hills.

Danton, South Dakota.

CITY OF LIGHT.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. v., 16.

CANTERBURY, N. H. 1893.



THE MANIFESTO.

JUNE, 1894.

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THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

All communications should be addressed to

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NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

April.

	Thermometer.	Rain.	Snow.
1893.	41.27	4 in.	17 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
1894.	44.3	1 "	7 "
Highest Temp. during this mo. 74. above 0.			
Lowest	" "	" "	16. below "
Number of rainy days	" "	" "	6.
" " snowy	" "	" "	3.
" " clear	" "	" "	11.
" " cloudy	" "	" "	10.

C. G. Reed.

May 7, 1894.

BELoved ELDER HENRY;—It is such a busy time I thought you would accept the Home Notes this time from a little girl twelve years old: and besides we have taken note of some things of interest we

would like to tell you about, which perhaps older people would overlook.

Having so early a spring, we thought we would write the date of the arrival of the birds as they came, that next year we might compare dates and see if the early coming of the birds denotes an early spring and then we shall know what to expect.

Bluebirds were first heard the sixth of March, robins the eleventh, song sparrows the fifteenth. A pretty little brown singing bird which I have not yet learned the name of, came the second of April, phoebe birds the fourth, the hair bird or chipping sparrow the tenth, and the martins the nineteenth. The beautiful oriole came yesterday, the sixth, but the swallows, yellow birds, mocking birds and many others are yet to come.

We picked the first little yellow colts-foot flower on the eighth of April, and dandelions peeped out from among the green grass in sunny places the third week of April. Cherry trees were in blossom on the thirtieth of April and now the plum, pear, peach and even apple trees are in bloom and it is but the seventh of May; earlier, people say, than since the year 1878.

On the tenth of April we had a pleasant flowery entertainment. Our family dwelling being heated by steam, plants can be kept in any of our windows without freezing, so there are flowers in the sunny windows all winter. This spring some one thought it would be pleasant to gather them together before putting them into the ground for the summer, so that all could enjoy their beauty. The young Sisters arranged them in the form of a bank eight feet high, nine feet wide and seven feet through. There were callas, six kinds of roses, fifteen kinds of geraniums, fuchsias, oxalis, begonias, Zanzibar balsam, feverfew, ageratum, besides several foliage plants. In the evening the Brethren and Sisters gathered into the well lighted chapel where they were, and many said it seemed like heaven. We had singing, reading, and speaking of sentiments suitable for the occasion.

Katie Wells.

North Family.

May, 1894.

In the multiplicity of cares and burdens incident to the season Brethren sometimes fail to appear with their most excellent themes in the department of "Home Notes" as was the case last month.

There is something wholesome and cheery in the intercommunication thus established between our Societies, it serves as a mental visit "around east" and "out west;" and in our growing relation and acquaintance, it seems suggestive of a more thoughtful and helpful means of stimulating one another to higher aims and nobler purposes along the lines of mental, moral and spiritual culture. It is so natural for us to settle down in our own cozy homes, content in the performance of our daily duties and the acquisition of creature comforts.

What of our efforts in the missionary line? What of our social and ethical improvement and the giving of our minds to study the principles and doctrines of the Church to which we profess membership?

Are we reaching out in prayerful aspiration, to help souls who are seeking to know and practice the truth? and are we prepared to minister to such, the power of salvation, and give them sure guidance in paths of purity and virtue?

Coming in contact with the world we should let our light so shine that they may see our good works, and be convinced that we are closely following the Master, instead of being influenced by the elements that savor of the generative life.

Souls are awaking to a knowledge of the benefits of association on the plane of altruistic love and purity. It is interesting to learn of the movements on the Pacific coast, in Australia and in other places which tend toward the gathering of the saints together, those who are willing to make a covenant with God and with each other, by the sacrifice of all selfish desires and worldly gains for mutual benefit and growth in the divine life. It is the religious element in human nature combined

with enlightened reason, that builds up and sustains the communistic home, where equality, justice and peace are maintained.

It is according to Elder Frederic's prophecy, that the next movement and awakening of the spirit would not result so much in the accession of members to the older Societies, as it would lead to the forming of new associations, with the same basic principles as a sure foundation on which to build, but with the increase and progress belonging to our own day and time.

Yet when there is "a call or cry from Macedonia, come and help us," shall we send two or more disciples to prepare the way and make straight paths for their feet to walk in? It hardly seems probable at present, that the labors of a hundred years will be sacrificed for any great exodus of the faithful to foreign lands, or even to far off coasts of our own beloved continent, as is frequently suggested. We have only the fruits of our hard earned labors, as no funds are poured in our coffers with which to build "The New Jerusalem," or any other impossible venture, and above all let us not run in debt, for aught we have, or aught we attempt to do.

We are interested in all that tends to ameliorate wrong conditions among mankind.

In the Peace Movement we recognize a quiet but potent influence surely working for the abolition of war.

In Hygienic Reform, a testimony against disease and animalism, which is sure to benefit and uplift the race.

In the Land Agitation, the solution of human rights and a just settlement in the future of the claims of humanity. In the Temperance Cause, the abolition of one of earth's direst curses.

In the Social Purity and White Cross associations, one of the most important leadings toward a better moral state. The "Self-Improvement Society" in our home, has prepared papers on most of these subjects, which have given them food for mental exercise; some of them have appeared in different periodicals.

As it is an age of reading, and we want the highest toned and best literature, we can recommend as a monthly magazine, "The Arena," B. O. Flower, Ed. As a spiritual paper, none can excel Lucy Mallory's "Advance Thought."

"Food Home and Garden," Henry Clubb Ed. an earnest advocate of food reform. Many excellent papers come to our home, more than we have time to read, considering our busy life.

Mount Lebanon is in its height of beauty and loveliness; no drawbacks as yet, to the unusually early spring. The new pear and plum orchard has been set out and seems to be doing well; currant and raspberry slips also. The apple orchards are in fine condition, the trees having all been trimmed; they promise a fine show of bloom. Sweet cherry trees in bloom the last of April; dwarf sour cherry trees look like drifts of new fallen snow. It is marvelous what a change has been wrought, in field, garden and door-yard in the space of three weeks; surely God's blessing attends the labor of consecrated hands. The Sisters have plenty of shirt work at present; sewing is interspersed with housecleaning. It is announced that Public meeting will be opened next Sabbath; we continue the exercises that have been a peculiar feature of Believers' religious services in times past. With renewed zeal and interest for our Zion cause, we extend loving greetings to gospel friends.

Martha J. Anderson.

Watervliet, N. Y.

North Family.

May, 1894.

THE history of South Union that has been published in serial articles in THE MANIFESTO, is quite a social treat for which we are duly thankful. It enables one to more fully understand the trying times that our dear Brethren and Sisters in the South passed through; but fortunately now can be recorded as history.

The saying that the "Lord helps those who help themselves," is fully proven in

the labors of the little family at the North who, since their removal to this Society have been anxiously, and with a prayerful spirit laboring to bring order out of the seeming necessary confusion incident to moving. Thanks to willing hands and loyal souls the consummation of their desires has been largely realized.

While feeling some tribulation in moving from the old home, we fully believe that there was a spiritual gift in the move, and that the closer communion of Believers will result in a fuller and deeper spiritual ministration that will go forth to those who are honestly and earnestly seeking the higher life.

Labor on the farm and garden is progressing as fast as the season permits. April giving us a taste of March weather, but in the latter part of the month some real April showers that caused the pastures and meadows to put on their garments of green.

We are enjoying at present a season of good health. Spiritually, we are laboring to keep alive the gifts of the Spirit, to be placing a treasure where the destructive elements of earth life can not affect them.

Hamilton DeGraaf.

Shaker Station, Conn.

May, 1894.

"LET the peace of God rule in your hearts and be ye thankful." The peace of God, which true crossbearing brings, gives joy, even in tribulation and the deepest affliction. "Peace like a river."

We should be thankful for virtuous companions; for the comforts of a gospel home and social life, and for religious privileges and spiritual blessings that can not be measured. Offering thanks is acceptable to God. It is befitting that we join unitedly in special thanksgiving for the blessings of peace and salvation.

Wisdom's path is peaceful and safe. Let us walk therein, and we shall be free from the reigning blight of sin.

"If we do ill, the joy fades, not the

pains; if well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains."

No crown without the cross.

* * * * *

The limit of the capacity of the earth is 5,293,000,000 souls, says a Scientist, and this number will be reached in less than one hundred and eighty-seven years."

"Glass in oven doors is a new contrivance, it enables cooks to watch the food without opening the doors."

"Various attempts have been made to measure the rate at which electricity travels, and observers with delicate instruments have affirmed that it was not less than 114,000 miles per second."

The Brahma is a favorite breed of fowls with some poultry men, but not so profitable when thorough-bred as it is when crossed, that is, when the raising of chickens is an object in view. A profitable cross has been found between the Brahma and Leghorn.

Daniel Orcutt.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Weather Record for March, 1894.

Highest Temp. during the month,	73
Lowest " " " "	10
Mean " " " "	43.4
Total Precipitation " "	1.55

N. A. Briggs.

May, 1894.

AGREEABLY to promise, seed time has come, and the gardeners and farmers have been busily employed in the work of sowing and planting. The vegetable garden is receiving all due attention from the interested laborers, and we may well look forward with hope for the blessings that the earth will send forth.

Already many varieties of plants are representing themselves above ground, very much to the pleasure of the gardeners.

At the North family we saw, a few days since, a bed of beautiful strawberry plants and learned that some of the varieties were as early in fruitage as are those that grow in the fields. Elder Nicholas Briggs has

also a nicely arranged trellis for grape vines, and has been very successful in obtaining many beautifully large and well ripened clusters in former seasons. An extended bed of onions attracted our attention, as their tops had reached an inch or more above the ground.

This was specially interesting, as in former years so much labor has been expended unsuccessfully in the cultivation of this valuable plant. The panacea has come at last, in the liberal application of tar water, and with this the onion thrives beautifully, as all its ills and enemies are wholly destroyed.

That nice lot of potatoes that were taken into a warm room quite early in March, have sent out sprouts from one fourth to one inch in length, and to preserve these from harm, while being cut and planted, has required the utmost care. Now if the Weather Bureau looks upon them favorably for a few weeks, a bountiful crop may be anticipated so sure as day follows day.

The Post Master at this Village, (Elder Nicholas Briggs,) has very kindly arranged with the officers of the Weather Bureau, so that we are now furnished with daily reports giving us reliable information of what the weather may be for the forthcoming day. This is one of the wonders of the age, and the knowledge becomes of great practical value, especially to those who till the land.

This scientific statement which is brought to us every day, places the "Old Farmers' Almanac" at quite a discount, as it does a multitude of self-styled weather prophets.

Our pear, plum and cherry trees are now in full bloom and this wonderful outburst of blossoms is a beautiful sight. Even the flowers in the garden are asserting their rights at this early date and rivaling in beauty the tinting of the rainbow. The great and good Creator of the beautiful flowers, evidently saw from the beginning the great pleasure which the blending of these lovely colors, would give to the mind of man. God bless the flowers!

H.

Enfield, N. H.

May, 1894.

As nature makes everything bright and new, around us at this season, so man, (or more properly speaking, woman) finds a delight in making the inside of our homes more cleanly and beautiful. As every winter brings with it a budget of witty sayings about the plumber and his bills, so the spring-time hears the voice of irony, protest against spring housecleaning; yet how many of us there are, who, after having gone through a seige of soap and water, dust and white-wash, can not find a pleasure in neater and more tidy surroundings, that more than compensates for the trouble undergone.

We are in the midst of our spring cleaning just now. Painting, papering, white-washing and plastering makes work for all. Our garden crops are all in the ground and many of them ready for the first hoeing. We are glad to report that Sr. Julia Russell's broken wrist is rapidly improving.

On the 10th ult. our young Sisters gave an Organ Recital, with recitations and songs interspersed. Many fine selections were played, and some were a revelation in execution and expression. We look forward with pleasure to Recital No 2.

G. H. Kirkley.

 North Family.

May, 1894.

As the new season will give new fruit, we would we had new news with which to form our Home Note.

We might line off sentiments scintillating with sparks of a theoretic or poetic type, and the same be devoid of the light that would inform the unregenerate soul as to a better mode of life and what would it profit the originator? yet we can delve into nature's inexhaustible mine of knowledge and exhume truths with which to illustrate the goodness of the Creator, as well as the glory of a true Christian character.

Can we look upon maturing nature and

fail to learn though the seasons come and go, its fruits grow and decay, that there are ever-existing, unchangeable life-giving elements that create the bud, leaf and fruit? and with this knowledge is it not reasonable to believe that the immortal part of man will be sustained by eternal powers? If so, than how important that our lives be devoted to works that sanctify and gladden souls, that in the "march of life" we fail not to assist the needy and give as has been given to us, thereby responding to the call "Love the Lord"—no less our associates—"with all thy mind, might and strength."

We are being favored as we hope all are with excellent weather for growing crops of grain and vegetables. Good health prevails, and anticipated blessings cause us to be thankful and give our best in every phase of our life, thus emulating the life examples of the founders of our Church, who so nobly acted their part in life, leaving the field of their labor for their successors whom we trust are ever able to sing,

"A way with all doubting and fear!
A way with all doubting and fear!
While morning around us is breaking
And angels are hovering near.
If others have stood thro' affliction,
With firmness to-day we can stand;
O gladly we'll banish all weakness,
United a strong happy band."
George H. Baxter.

White Water, O.

North Family.

May 1894.

THE month of May is to my thinking most beautiful of the spring months. For it is at this time "Dame Nature" awakes fully from her long winter's sleep, puts on the brightest and most fascinating garb of the year. What could be more pleasing to the eye, than to look at the woodlands the meadows and broad fields of various grains, all having that peculiar mark that distinguishes one from another. But at the same time they blend harmoniously with nature. Methinks one would have to be an Infidel not to see the hand of God in all this.

We, as an agricultural people rejoice in the prospect of a bountiful harvest, we derive most of our income from the productions of the soil.

The Center family sustained quite a loss last month by the burning of one of the tenant houses. With a great deal of labor, everything inside was saved, but the building burned to the ground. They began rebuilding at once and at this writing, have a very handsome two story frame standing on the old site. Will be complete about the 15th inst.

Whitewashing barns, fences etc., is being done in a very neat mannner by Br. Charles Dixon, assisted by our three boys.

The old saying is,—“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

We are trying to do the work that is intended for us, by putting our shoulder to the wheel; every one doing whatever he can. In this way and no other, can we gain that love and union that is so essential to Believers.

J. O. Tyler.

South Union, Ky.

Center Family.

May, 1894.

“EVER fresh the broad creation.” These the musings that work in my mind, as I look at the beautiful scenery in front of my open window. Here is the wide and grassy lawn, the tall and beautiful trees. Pines and cedars, spruce and larch, sugar-maples and queenly elms, holly and magnolia with its white, sweet scented blossoms, filling the air with delicious aroma, and rivaled only by the sweet fragrance of the fringe tree.

The great, big honey locust trees are also in full bloom, and alive with honey bees, holding a royal banquet in the calm of the evening, for it is five o'clock p. m. and all creation is charmingly beautiful.

The great arch above is of the clearest cerulean hue. The air too, is as soft and pure as that of the Adriatic beach, while the flora of the cosmic creation looks bril-

liant in its every hue of green. Here and there are big woodland pastures dotted over with sheep and lambs, five hundred and seventy-five in number; a nice flock for one family, with an abundance of other stock on luxuriant pasture, rich in its exuberance.

We are ploughing the corn and setting out sweet potato plants. The strawberries are ripening very fast and are always delicious. The weather has been exceptionally good this spring, and the mercury for the last two weeks has been from 60 to 62 deg. at sun rise, to 88 and 90 deg. at 1 o'clock p. m. in the shade. The health of the Community is good, and all are busy at some vocation.

James Carr.

[Contributed by Amelia J. Calver.]

THE MONEY WE WASTE.

A WASHINGTON special to the Atlanta Journal recently quoted some internal-revenue statistics showing that in spite of the hard times we have wasted enough money in the past year to make everybody in the country comfortable.

The Americans, who were howling about the financial depression, spent in the past twelve months \$600, 000, 000 for whiskey!

The same crowd spent in that period \$617, 268, 460 for beer!

For cigars and tobacco they spent \$275, 750, 000!

The grumblers and growlers who talked economy to their wives and children and prayed for the return of good times, managed to scrape up about \$1, 600, 000, 000 for their common drinks and their cigars, and what their wines and brandies cost we may imagine!

This enormous sum, the correspondent says, is more than our entire volume of circulation. It is \$27 per capita more than the present per capita circulation. It is 195 for each head of every family in the United States!

This money would pay all the appropriations of a billion-dollar congress and leave enough to more than half pay the

expenses of another such congress. It would pay six times over for our annual cotton crop. It would pay the cost of a long foreign war. It would feed and clothe in a plain fashion every family in the union!

We do not present these startling figures with the hope that they will bring about an economic revolution, but we believe that they can not fail to influence thousands of thoughtful readers and create a prejudice against extravagance and waste. This is not a temperance editorial. It is simply a statement of facts which must open the eyes of men to the true explanation of most of the poverty and suffering now prevailing. The American liquor and tobacco bill would be frightful enough in a period of prosperity, but what shall we say of it in these hard times!

BROOKLYN, N. Y. 1894.

DEAR FRIEND;—It would be very hard for me to express the feeling that the reading of those pamphlets which you have been so kind as to send me, have awakened in my heart. This I can assure you, that since I am acquainted with the principles which govern your Community, I believe there is no Society that I love and respect as much.

I have read the "History of the United Society of Believers," *THE MANIFESTO* of Jan., Feb. and Mar., all of which I found very interesting; and I learned that those who are making the greatest noise about Justice, Equality and Communism, are least prepared for it. It requires very good men [and women] first and always, to form a good society like yours. The timber necessary for such a purpose, as far as my observation extends, seems to be very scarce.

The Religion of Christ is communism perfect, and to ameliorate society, the only way is to get nearer and nearer to him. Me and my family, and as many of my neighbors as I can get under my feet for our personal comfort, and to have our heads as near to heaven as possible, is what society is to-day.

At least, there is one consideration I have now; to know that there is a people who practice the only true "Religion of Christ," where a man can do unto his neighbor as he wishes to be done by, and live with good-will to all and malice toward none, without running the risk of passing for a fool. As I have grown older I have rejected a great deal of what I was taught in my younger days. I have always believed in those examples of Christ, as everlasting truths.

If you should publish anything in the line of pamphlets, I hope that you will think of me. I shall be glad to send you the amount of their price. The seeds which I have gathered from your writings will bring forth good fruits, if nothing more than to make a better man of me, and consequently, a happier man.

Hoping to hear from you again if my writing has not proved too tedious to you, I remain forever,

A Friend,
G. J. S.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

By Thomas Stroud.

THERE were many strange things on exhibition at the World's Fair, and there was one in particular that seemed so impossible that many visitors would not believe in its reality, and came away with the impression that they had seen a clever feat of legerdemain; whereas the fact is, it was a genuine, natural phenomenon, which will doubtless be put to use in the arts. We refer to the experiment shown in the electrical building, where a bar of iron was raised to a welding heat by plunging it into a bucket of water. Several persons have asked our opinion of this astonishing performance and perhaps an explanation of it would be interesting.

Most of our readers know that water is composed of two substances, oxygen and hydrogen, which are both gaseous when they exist separately, but which condense and produce that familiar liquid when they are united chemically. This may be

proved by mixing one volume of oxygen with two volumes of hydrogen, and applying a light to the mixture. It explodes violently, and for this reason, the experiment must be performed in a strong vessel. When proper precautions are taken, it is found that there is nothing in the vessel after the explosion but water and steam. The original gases have entirely disappeared, and the new substance (i. e. the water) does not bear the slightest resemblance to either of them.

The composition of water may also be proved by analysis. For example, if the two terminal wires of a galvanic-battery be dipped into a glass of water, it will be found that bubbles of gas are given off at the negative wire (i. e., the one connected with the zinc end of the battery,) and if these bubbles are collected they will be found to consist of hydrogen. If the positive wire is of platinum or gold, or some other non-oxidizable metal, bubbles of gas will appear there too; and upon collecting them we shall find that they consist of oxygen. (If the positive wire is copper, bubbles will be obtained, for the oxygen will unite with the copper as fast as it is liberated, forming oxide of copper.) In the experiment referred to above, the bar of iron was connected to the negative pole of a powerful dynamo, the other pole of which was connected with the bucket, or with a plate of copper in the bottom of it. The water in the bucket immediately began to decompose, and hydrogen was deposited all over the submerged surface of the iron bar. In a few moments, the bar became covered with a film of hydrogen that protected it from contact with the water around it. If the dynamo were not very powerful, the electric current would then cease to flow, because the continuity of the circuit was broken. But as the experiment was arranged at the Fair, the dynamo was so powerful that it overcame the great resistance of the film of hydrogen, and sent its current right through it.

Now it is a general fact that heat is produced wherever an electric current encounters a resistance, just as heat is produced

in the bearings of an engine when the journal resists the motion of the shaft owing to roughness or grit or bad alignment. Hence the electric current from the dynamo generated great heat in passing through the resistant film of hydrogen that was deposited on the surface of the iron bar; and the dynamo used in the experiment was so powerful that it could produce heat enough to make the bar white hot in a few moments. The water did not quench the bar, because the hydrogen film prevented the two from coming into actual contact with each other.

It was a remarkable and instructive experiment, and will never be forgotten by those who saw it performed.

Shaker Station, Conn.

THE late W. H. Howland, was a successful business man and was distinguished by the consistency with which he carried into business life the principles of religion. It is remembered of him that when he was made receiver of the Central Bank of Toronto, the failure of which menaced many citizens with ruin, his first act was to assemble in the back parlor his colleagues and clerks and ask divine guidance in the extremely difficult task they were beginning, and that they might be so directed that no man might suffer loss or injustice by their mismanagement.

Over the mayor's office chair the motto was emblazoned by his order at the beginning of his first term, "Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."—*Christian Herald*.

So far as I have seen, materializing seances do not amount to much. I do not say that they may not have very high value sometimes, but so far as I am concerned, I have not seen anything that was at all conclusive in the way of materialization, which is no doubt my misfortune, not my fault.—*W. T. Stead in R. P. J.*

Books and Papers.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND SCIENCE OF HEALTH for May is a very interesting number. An illustrated article on the life and character of Robert Bonner, by Edgar C. Beall, M. D., will enlist the attention of many readers.

A scheme for the School Room, by Dr. H. S. Dayton, is a lesson in morality that should be appreciated by every honorable guardian or parent. The Voice as an Index to the Soul, is a pathetic lesson by Dr. J. R. Cooke. How to Study Strangers is the fourth lesson in the series by Prof. Nelson Sizer. The article abounds in knowledge and must be read to be appreciated. Other articles claim equal attention and any one interested in the studies in Phrenology or Science of Life will know how to value the whole work.

Price 15 cts; \$1.50 a year. Address Fowler and Wells Co., 27 East 21st St., New York.

The value of a book may never be determined by its weight or its size. We have seen large books, profusely illustrated, agreeably to the text, and yet they were books not to be desired. Before us is a pretty little book only 2½x4 inches, upon the cover of which is the word "Consecration."

No one is startled by that word or wishes to conceal it from view. The little story is said to have been written with tears and prayers, and certainly can not otherwise than do good. Published by H. L. Hastings, Boston, Mass.

THE interest in Brook Farm will never die. Of all the communistic experiments ever made in America, it enlisted the co-operation of the most remarkable group of people. Almost all those who were active in it are now dead, Curtis and Dwight among the last to go, Charles A. Dana the only prominent man of the number still left among us. From Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance" on it has given birth to an enormous mass of literature. No adequate history of Brook Farm has ever been written, although the account in Frothingham's life of Ripley is excellent. But we have been given many fragmentary memories, and impressions of the life there, from varying standpoints. THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for May furnishes a real addition to this Brook Farm literature, in the form of, "A Boy's Recollections of Brook Farm." Mr. Arthur Sumner, the writer, was for a year or more a pupil in the school maintained there by Ripley, Margaret Fuller and their associates; and his recollections will be read eagerly by everybody interested in that episode in New England Transcendentalism.—Warren F. Kellogg, 5 Park Square, Boston.

BRUSHING THE TEETH.

THE proper way to brush and clean the teeth is to brush from the gums downward, for the upper teeth, and from the gums upward, for the inferior or lower teeth, writes W. Irving

Thayer, D. D. S., in an article on "Saving the Teeth" in the May Ladies' Home Journal.

It is not less important to brush downward on the palatine-roof surface of the upper teeth, and upward on the lingual tongue side of the lower teeth, that is to say, brush the inside of the teeth as carefully as the outside.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGIE-THERAPY. May. Contents. Biographical sketch of Prof. Wm. Windsor; Loaf bread without yeast, alkalies or acids; Foundation principles; The Nose; Historical Reminiscences: Vaccination, etc., etc. Dr. T. V. Gifford, Kokomo, Ind.

A YOUNG woman thinking that her mission lay in wearing a black frock, and telling little children all about heaven, became a nun. In six weeks she was ready to return to her father's home. She was home-sick. There is a time in the life of most girls when the humdrum, every day home existence seems not worth living. Commonplace tasks seem unworthy of such consideration as her mother requires of her, if she is a good housekeeper. The girl longs for a more spiritual existence; thinks to find it in talking with poor little outcasts about God. It usually takes more than six weeks, however, for her to find that life upon this earth is likely to be a pretty practical one in whatever sphere it is cast.

Before a Little Sister of the poor can consistently talk of the better life beyond to a ragamuffin she must wash its face, probably with her own hands, and provide clean garments for it also with her own hands. Then she may have to go from house to house asking for food for it. Into the busy business offices these women go, and gladly accept small sums of money, for which they literally beg.

Somebody has to do such work, and all honor to those who are faithful in it, yet it is pre-eminently a practical life, full of the petty disagreeable duties which are so hateful to the girl who goes away to be a "Little Sister" because her work at home is too earthly.—Selected.

Deaths.

Burdett Hanks, at Shakers, N. Y. April 17, 1894. Age 82 yrs, 4 mo. and 6 days.

Faithful to thy highest convictions of every known duty, we believe thou hast gone to receive the reward of the faithful in Zion. O. B.